

Woman's Page

Cause of Baldness and How to Promote Growth of Hair—
Taffeta Cuffs on Many Sleeves of Lace and Tulle—
Parasols Trimmed on Inside for Summer—
Other Fashion Hints.



HEALTH TALKS

By William Brady, M. D.

WHY WE ALL GROW BALD.

Some pathogenic, or disease-producing, microbes are so ubiquitous that nearly everybody keeps a culture on hand at all times. There is the pneumococcus, or "cold" germ, which is found present in practically every mouth; and the colon bacillus, which normally inhabits the alimentary canal and frequently "starts something" in the way of appendicitis or gallstones or gastric ulcer. And most lamentable of all, we have the micro-organism of seborrhea (dandruff) which is planted and transplanted from head to head by our friend the barber, with as little compunction as the restive winds of summer feel about spreading the seeds of that indigenous shrub, the dandelion.

Sabouraud proved that his micro-bacillus causes dandruff; he produced typical dandruff in guinea-pigs by rubbing in material from the head of a human victim of the disease—an experiment which has not as yet been seriously protested by the anti-pro-Sabouraud teaches that the little germs work their way down the hair shaft and attack the follicle, thus eventually denuding the unfortunate dome of its wealth of hirsute adornment.

Combs, brushes, fingers, towels, head-rests, perhaps even hats in the olden days, would readily convey the infection from dome to dome, and the busy little microbes may safely be trusted to do the rest, protected as they are from the germicidal rays of the sun by our top pieces, and favored by frequent watering of the scalp—moisture being one of the indispensable conditions for germ culture.

But what about the women? Why don't they grow bald? They sometimes have dandruff too. Women don't wet their hair so frequently as men. They brush the scalp more thoroughly. They wear a head dress which is better ventilated and admits more light. And more important still, they do not wear a snuggly tightly gripping the head and interfering with circulation in the scalp, as men do.

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Use For Over 30 Years
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THE DIAMOND BRAND
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold wrapper. They are the only pills that will cure constipation, biliousness, headache, indigestion, and all the troubles of the bowels. Take one or two. Buy of your Druggist. **DIAMOND BRAND PILLS**, 60¢ per box. Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

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OGDEN MEN DISPOSE OF THEIR MOVIES IN SALT LAKE

Salt Lake, July 5.—One of the biggest business transactions of the year became known yesterday, when it was announced that the American and Liberty motion picture theatres in Salt Lake had been sold by the Scowcroft interests to William H. Swanson, the well-known "movie" impresario of this city and New York. The consideration is understood to have been \$210,000.

The deal was closed several days ago, but no announcement of the change in ownership of the theatres was made. Last night, however, the sale was confirmed both by H. A. Sims, manager of the two theatres, and Mr. Swanson. The new owner will take possession of the theatres tomorrow.

Purchase of two of the city's largest and most important picture theatres by Mr. Swanson is but one move in a plan he and his associates have for the formation of a circuit of high-class film houses, which will extend from the Canadian border to the Mexican line. Mr. Swanson so stated last night.

To Buy Other Houses. Within a week Mr. Swanson will leave here on a trip through Idaho, Montana, Washington and Oregon for

ALL GROCERS SELL



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the purpose of buying picture theatres or arranging for the building of theatres in those important cities where he cannot buy outright. He already owns fourteen theatres in the states of Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico and Texas. In addition to his latest acquisitions in the local

WHO PAYS? Story No. 11 The Fruit of Folly

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Sharp and clear above the crash of the orchestra and the murmured voices of the dancers, the revolver shot rang out. The music died in mid-air, its pulsating throbs ebbing away into a slow, pathetic wail that ended almost in a human sob. With pale faces and trembling limbs the dancers stopped where the music had left them; some with arms upraised, some with one foot in the air.

It was a tense moment, a moment fraught with pregnant portent. All the wealth and society of the town was at the Van Lind residence that night. Mrs. Van Lind, leader in her set and fashion devotee, was giving a ball for the relief of the Belgians. All the music had a patriotic lilt, all the guests carried tiny Ameri-

can flags, and the prettiest girl in town, dressed as Miss Columbia, was leading the dance. Joy reigned unconfined.



MISS COLUMBIA WAS LEADING THE DANCE AND JOY REIGNED UNCONFINED.

And then the shot. The sound seemed to come from a chamber to the right of the ballroom, and the startled dancers, gazing in that direction, saw a tiny wisp of smoke uncurl itself from the rich portieres and waft gently towards the ceiling.

One, more bold than the rest, strode towards the door and threw aside the heavy hangings. And the tableau that was there revealed offered food for several hundred late supper discussions and gave the busy gossips of society many a dainty morsel. The room was, strictly speaking, a den, richly furnished and not very large. Across a table in the center, when the curtain was so rudely brushed aside, sprawled the inert body of Edgar Clay, society leader, business man, good sport, hard drinker, and the husband of Isabel Clay, prettiest butterfly of the town. Standing over him in a protecting attitude, the smoking revolver still in his hand, was his business partner and father-in-law, Russell Irwin. Hate gleamed from a pair of narrowed eyes; ready, steady eyes that never wavered from those of Horace Stone, attorney, who, pale as death, stared at Irwin from across the table. At Stone's feet lay a shattered decanter, the contents of which ran over the rich rug in tiny rivulets, strongly suggesting blood to the excited minds of the eager spectators. But Stone was grasping his right hand with his left, and the trickle of red that oozed between his fingers told only too plainly where the bullet had found its mark.

"Oh, Edgar, Edgar are you dead?" From the surge of figures at the door, one fair form detached itself and hurried its length across the limp and sagging body of Clay on the table. With trembling hands she raised his head, and with choking sobs planted a tearful kiss on his unresponsive lips. Anguish and relief and disgust struggled for the mastery of her features as she read the answer to her question in the glass. Clay was not dead. He had yielded again to a habit that was stronger than himself.

"And may I ask the meaning of this ill-bred disturbance?" Mrs. Van Lind was speaking and the tone was cold, incisive, uncompromising. "Irwin nodded grimly towards Stone. And those who watched him closely noted that he held his weapon in a firmer grip. Haughtily the hostess turned her head, questioning stare in the wounded man's direction. For a moment he hesitated. Then his eyes wavered under the steady gaze of Irwin, and he answered sullenly: "It was an accident."

Avoiding the glances of those who would have questioned him; ignoring the advances of those who offered sympathy, Stone, elbowed his way through the excited throng at the door and left the house. And so the incident was ended. But it is not with

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

"The Patriot & The Spy"

THIS AFTERNOON AND TONIGHT

A special Independence Day war drama, love and patriotism, filled with clean thrills, minus the horrible; a superb 4-part Mutual Masterpicture driving home a powerful lesson in patriotism. The star is none other than—

James Cruze

THE OGDEN BOY

supported by lovely Marguerite Snow, who was with him in the "Million Dollar Mystery," "Zudora" and other well known offerings.

It's wonderful—Usual prices 5c and 10c including boxes and divans. Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne.

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The Ogden Theater

COOL—COMFY—HOMEY

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For Your Summer Vacation

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—You Simply Study the Geography of Your Country.

The Standard, in another part of this issue, announces an unique offer for its readers. This has been arranged in collaboration with the Housewife, the well known woman's publication of New York City.

Five hundred awards, totaling \$6800 in all, and ranging from a First award of \$1500, maximum value, down to two hundred awards of \$1 each, are offered for the best solutions submitted to the TRAVELGAME, the new game which has everyone "Seeing America."

The TRAVELGAME is an exact tracing of a map of the United States with cities accurately placed, but left unnamed in the chart or working map. The object of the TRAVELGAME is to connect the cities in the chart totaling the greatest population.

Under "How Solutions Will be Judged," the following detailed explanation is given: The first award will be given to the person who connects all of the cities on the TRAVELGAME chart. In the event of no one connecting all of the cities, the first award will be given to the person connecting the cities totaling the greatest population. Second award will be given to the person connecting the

cities with the next greatest total population and so on.

"In the event that two or more participants submit solutions showing the greatest total of population connected, then the one using the least number of cities, will receive the award. Should two or more participants submit the same total population, using the same number of cities, the first award will be given to the participants who submit such a solution in which the letters in the names of the cities used will spell "The Housewife," the greatest number of times. Each letter must be used only as many times as it appears in the names of the cities used.

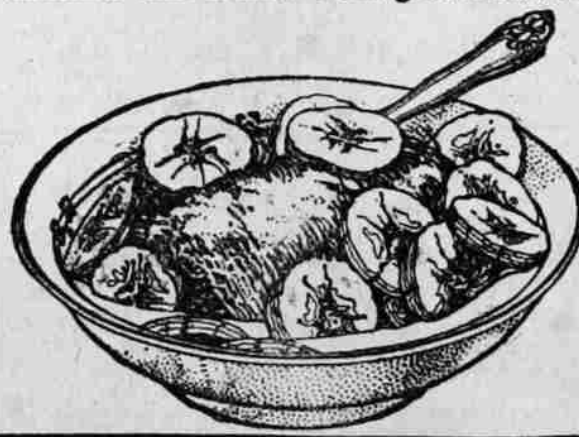
A special offer is made Standard readers on another page and this tells how YOU can play the TRAVELGAME and thus have an opportunity to win one of the awards, not only without cost to you but at an actual saving in the regular cost of subscriptions to the Standard and Housewife. Turn to this announcement and send in the blank printed therein at once.

Ben Franklin Was a Vegetarian

Franklin's massive personality dominated and overshadowed the eighteenth century. You don't have to be a strict vegetarian to attain success in any department of endeavor, but if you cut down your supply of meat you should eat

Shredded Wheat

which contains more real nutriment than meat or eggs, is more easily digested and costs much less. Get "the Shredded Wheat habit" and learn what it is to have good digestion, muscular vim and clear brain. A man's food for a man's work. A woman-saver because it is ready-cooked and ready-to-serve. Try it for breakfast with milk or cream. Eat it for lunch with berries or sliced bananas and cream. Your grocer sells it.



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AMERICAN CASE IS ABOUT COMPLETED

Washington, July 4.—Ambassador Page, at London, cabled the state department today that all the loss of life on the Armenian, the ship which was torpedoed by the German submarine U-38, was due to the "shelling of the steamer." About twenty-one American members of the crew were lost.

Mr. Page also informed the department officially that the ship had been warned to stop and continued to try to escape.

The message was sent at once to President Wilson at Cornish. The official view has not been changed, but merely strengthened, that this government will have no equity of protest against Germany and that the discussions, if they be of any length at all, would be on the secondary question as to whether the Armenian was a transport. The public or private character of the vessel will, however, have very little to do with the justification of the destruction of the ship if she disobeyed the practice and rules of international law as they have been defined by the president.

The attitude of the United States toward the Armenian and all on board, it is believed, would be limited to the question whether she obeyed the rules, customs and practices of a merchantman in times of war.

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